# The ACROPOLIS

## September 1917

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A PAPER BY THE STUDENTS OF BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN


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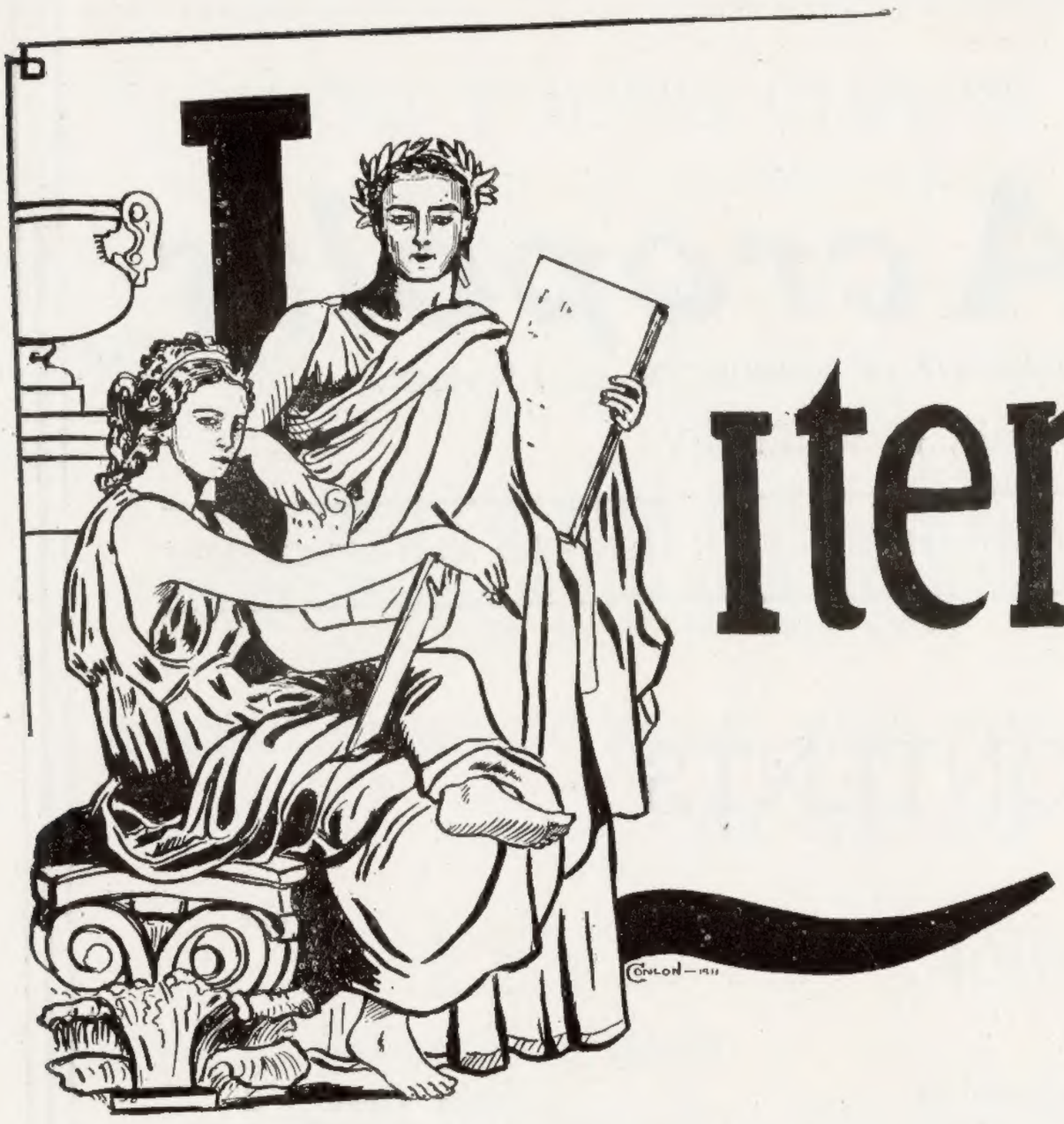


# Literature

ALTHA GRAY, *Ch.*
CLARISSA HULSE
AGNES POOLE
FRANCES GROSSET

## The Triumph of William Superbus

By Altha Gray

WILLIAM Superbus was a cat—a humble, lowly, specimen of the tiger-striped variety—a cat whose appearance sadly belied his exalted title. But William had seen better days—his shabby coat, his twisted tail, his one remaining eye, were merely evidences of many fierce conflicts, of back-fence melee's, terminated by hot water and shoes and once—alas! by a shotgun which had carried away a portion of William's ear giving to our hero's face a strange, lop-sided appearance. Yet in spite of his unbeautiful looks and unenviable reputation this damaged remnant was the cherished pet of the five younger members of the house of Bradley. It was their uncle who had jestingly bestowed upon him his decidedly inappropriate surname—and with them he was as gentle and frolicsome as a lamb. Mrs. Bradley had always been in favor of disposing of William, and once she had even chloroformed him and placed his lifeless form in a box to find the next morning that William Superbus seemed to have several of his nine lives still in his keeping.

One Saturday morning, in October, four of the Bradley children were gathered in the living room studying their lessons so that they might be finished before evening, when they intended to have a crowd of young people in for a candy pull and general good time. Jack, age twelve; the twins, Margaret and Harriet, fifteen; and Robert, seventeen, were all trying hard to concentrate their minds on their work when the door was flung open and the eldest boy, "Ray," burst into the room with a disgusted exclamation.

"Say, did you ever hear of such luck? Whom do you think we are going to have the pleasure of a visit from?"

"Aunt Mag!"

"Nope."

"Oh, I bet it's that awful Percy Graham."

"Worse than that!"

"Cousin Horace?"

"No, no,—worse—far worse—it is Mrs. Amelia de Poyster Livingston!"

A general groan and a thump of schoolbooks ensued and Ray flung himself into a chair with a grunt.

Mrs. Livingston was an old family friend. As Ray had once put it, "She's an heirloom, she's been in the family for generations." Her father had once done Mr. Bradley's father a great favor, and although his daughter was anything but a favorite with the Bradley children they had

always been instructed to be "very nice" to her, and reminded sternly of that remote "favor."

"When's she coming and how long's she going to stay?" asked Harriet.

"Coming this morning and goodness knows how long she'll stay," was the gloomy reply.

Just then their mother's step was heard on the stair. She entered the room. "Now, see here, children; I don't see how you're going to have your party with Amelia here. Her nerves could never stand the noise. I don't know what you can do."

"Do, do!" shrieked Ray indignantly, "have the party! have the noise! maybe it'll finish her up."

"Why, Ray, you mustn't talk so. Mrs. Livingston is a family friend. You *must* be very nice to her and please remember, dear, her father—"

"Enough, mother, enough—I understand, but let me tell you, we can't—"

The door bell rang.

Jack ran to the window.

"Mrs. Livingston!"

The family all trooped out in the hall and Mrs. Bradley opened the door for their visitor. Mrs. Amelia de Poyster Livingston was a woman of magnificient proportions and she swept into the house like a cyclone, with a great rustle of silk, waving of ostrich plumes and a strong odor of perfume. In her arms was Toddles, her dog, a horrid, fat, wheezy, spoiled, smug little creature, which growled and showed its' teeth when each one of the Bradleys performed the ancient and unpleasant custom of placing a hasty peck upon Mrs. Livingston's cheek.

Mrs. Livingston made herself perfectly at home. She rustled into the living room and settled into the best rocker while her pampered treasure started upon a tour of investigation around the room. His mistress rocked, and sighed heavily.

"You know, my dear, I put off my visit purposely till school opened because I knew you wouldn't be doing any entertaining, and my nerves could rest."

There was a swift exchange of glances between the young people. Their unwelcome guest continued to talk on in a loud voice giving no one else a chance to say anything. Suddenly Rob's eyes spied something at the other end of the room which made him utter a low exclamation.

He nudged Ray. The nudge passed around. Near the door stood Toddles and facing him was William Superbus. William's one eye held a wicked glitter and he came closer to the dog his fur on end and his tail waving angrily. Margeret saw trouble brewing and started to speak but Rob checked her by a sharp pinch and a meaning look.

Toddles looked at William with an expression of lofty disgust and growled. William's fighting blood was up. He leaped for Toddles and began to beat him, showering prickly blows on the defenseless animal's woolly head. The little dog let out a yelp of terror and Mrs. Livingston leaped from the rocker with a scream.

"Oh, oh! call that horrid creature off quick! quick! he is killing my precious pet."

"Amelia! children! don't touch him. He'll scratch you," cried Mrs. Bradley warningly.

And indeed, William's fury was becoming too dangerous to interfere with. Toddles had tried to defend himself by rolling over and feebly kicking with his short litte legs but finding that this only served to heighten the anger of the foe he decided to retreat. He managed to get to his feet but alas! his athletic education had been sadly neglected and he had only waddled a few steps when William was upon him. "Quick, Ray," said Mrs. Bradley, "run, get a piece of meat that's the only thing that will stop him—hurry."

Ray obeyed and returned with a piece of beefsteak which he placed in the center of the room. To the hungry William Superbus food was at present perferable to conquest so he abandoned the battle and fell upon the meat while Toddles was snatched up into the arms of his hysterical mistress.

Ray fled with William, followed by the others, into the kitchen, where they all had a hearty laugh before returning to the living room. They found Mrs. Livingston preparing to leave.

"I say it for the last time, Barbara Bradley," she shrieked, "get rid of that cat this minute or I shall go."

"But, Amelia, he's outside now. What can I do?"

"Then I shall leave and I shall not step my foot into this house until that creature is gone."

"Amelia, I—"

"Say no more—Toddles is a wreck, a total wreck—look at his poor little eye, I say, and his face all scratched up, I am going at once."

And with these words she rushed out slamming the front door.

Mrs. Bradley watched her stride wrathfully down the walk.

"Now, see—" she began.

"We have smote, smitten, smited, the bear upon the nose; the victory is ours, ha! ha!," cried Ray and to her utter horror they all rushed out crying—

"Let's find William."

William Superbus was sitting serenely upon the fence.

Ray stood before him surrounded by the others and striking an attitude said impressively: "William Superbus, I, Raymond Bradley, voice the approbation of this family for your great serv-

(*Continued on page 27.*)

# The Coward

By Mary Fisher

ROLAND WELLS, to join the army! Great guns, man, are you crazy? Why, that fellow hasn't the backbone of a jellyfish."

Bill Grimes stood stock still in his amazement.

"That's what he told me," replied Bob Griffith, enjoying the other's astonishment, with the air of one, who, having told a startling fact, is satisfied with the effect. "But don't block the doorway."

The two men entered the billiard room of the London Elite Club, conversing softly. So engrossed were they in their conversation that they failed to notice the rigid figure standing in a shadow near the door.

"Cowardly, cowardly!" whispered Roland Wells through tense lips; "so that's what they think of me, in spite of their pretended friendship. I am glad I overheard them. I'll show you, Bill Grimes, how cowardly I am!"

The young man started foreward, then paused, drew himself up, and turning, slipped through the doorway. After securing his overcoat and hat, he hurriedly left the Club. Jumping into his waiting car he drove rapidly toward his luxurious home, in the heart of the aristocratic section of London.

He found his pal, Jack Rhodes, awaiting him, when some fifteen minutes later, he arrived in his room.

"Whew, you look mad! Sorry on account of your agreement all ready?" asked Jack.

"No!"

"Hm, you don't have to snatch my head off. What's the matter, Ro?" he questioned with quick anxiety, as his friend sat down heavily and buried his face in his hands. "Tell me, old chap," he demanded, crossing the room and placing his hand on the drooping shoulder.

"I'll tell you, Jack," answered Wells, sitting erect. "I overheard Bill Grimes call me cowardly when he heard I meant to join the army. Wait, I—," as the other started to speak. "I promised you to enlist with you more as a lark than anything. I am going to enlist in good earnest now, and prove I am a man, not a coward. No," in answer to an unspoken question on the other's face, "I didn't contradict Grimes. I am going to vindicate myself by actions, and not by words. Come, we are going to enlist *now, to-night,* the night of September 1, 1914."

The two young men clasped hands, for one brief second, as a pledge of their new loyalty as comrades, then went forth to the service of their flag.

Eight months later found the young men in the trenches in France. They had been accepted as physically fit for army service, and had been assigned to the same company, and this company, after weeks of training, had been turned over to the command of General Haig, who controlled the troops in this section of the line. Months of vigorous fighting had followed, and both boys had won their superior's commendation for their bravery.

And what a change had been wrought in the two comrades! Instead of the two fastidious youths of London, the immaculately groomed pets of Society, were now two typical Tommy Atkins. Both boys had developed into strong, muscular fellows, who would not shirk the hardest task assigned to them. Roland's smooth, light hair had become coarse and wiry, and his fair skin had become burned and freckled. Did he care? He did not!

"Look at me, Jackie!" he would exclaim. Wouldn't it scare those Germans stiff to see me? What would the fellows say if they saw me now? It's a wonder you wouldn't get a few freckles, but you look bad enough with that rumpled black hair and bronze complexion.

On the night of May 31, 1915, as the two soldiers lay in their uncomfortable positions in the trench, talking in low tones about the day's battle, and of the nearness of the German trenches, the commanding English captain called Roland to him.

"We must have some one to penetrate those barb-wire fences to the German trenches to ascertain the number and the resources of the enemy. Wells, will you go?" The words were spoken with military curtness.

"Yes, sir!" came instantly from the soldier.

"Your country thanks you, Mister Wells. Start instantly from this point."

After blackening his face and hands, to prevent the enemy from seeing him easily, the soldier crept slowly and cautiously, every nerve strained to the utmost, toward the German trenches, an eighth of a mile distant. He managed, with much difficulty, to cut and squirm his way through the barb-wire fences, which separated the opposing armies, and to approach the trenches of the enemy. He leaned forward cautiously, and peered penetratingly about.

Snap!

He had pressed upon a piece of rotten wood.

Bang!

He felt a sharp sensation in his left side; he heard the sound of rapidly approaching feet. With great effort, he dragged himself back, back through the wires to the open space before his own trench.

"Lord, give me strength to make it," he prayed fervently, gritting his teeth in the agony every movement caused him.

(*Continued on page 27.*)

# Apple Blossoms

By M. Gifford

JOHN SMITH arose to the tune of an eight day alarm one early May morn. In place of the yawn, the frown, and the delinquent arising, John grinned and bounced buoyantly out. He winked at the red-headed, blue-eyed, freckled face reflection in the cracked mirror and hastily dressed in his awkward "bests" and clattered down the worn, spotless stairs to the equally spotless, cheery kitchen.

"Mornin,' Ma," he hailed a short substantial soul, you know the kind I mean. The soul that always makes you think of delicious apple pie, the crust crisp and flakey, the apples brown and juicy.

"Mornin,' John," she smiled cheerily, but there was a worried, a sad look, in the sorrowful brown eyes. "You just sit down an' lay a good supply of these waffles t'rest. T'aint likely you'll have much good home cookin'."

"Mebbe not, Ma, but when I get to feelin' sort o' holler I'll come back for some more of this here fried ham."

The first, the second, the third, helping had disappeared and Pa informed John that the time was drawing near when he must catch the 8:45 for the city; the city to which John, like so many other country lads longed to go; and from which, in his dreams, he hoped to return to the little old home town in an eight cylinder roadster, and take the mortgage off the old home, keep Ma in stiff silk dresses, Pa in a silk hat and tobacco, and last but not least, marry Sue Brown.

"John, remember, always take a man's part and don't forget, John, if you get tired of it all, your Ma and Pa'll be mighty glad to see you back."

"Now, Ma, don't you worry, I—"

"Hurry up son," Pa's voice interrupted.

John grabbed his suitcase, the suitcase that had been packed for a week.

"Wait a minute, John; here's a couple o' little gifts," Ma whispered and shoved into John's big brown hands a picture of herself, taken long ago in her wedding dress. It was faded and shabby now, but there was Ma, John's own Ma, smiling up at him. The other present was a bottle of toilet water.

"Now, that's real nice of you, Ma," John remarked awkwardly, "the picture's fine, but, pshaw! now, what'll I do with this here cologne?"

"Son, be you goin'?" Pa poked his toussled head in.

"Already, Pa, s'long Ma, I'll be back for some more waffles and fried ham!"

* * *

"Aw, come on, Smithy; good night! ain't yer ever gonna see the bright lights?"

"Naw, Smithy's gonna save his coppers an' buy a nice moo-lee cow so's he kin have nice fresh milk."

"Ha, ha, ha, hee, ho!"

"Sure! Smithy's got the right idea of life. Say you'd better beat it home so's you'll get your Sunday school lesson loined and yer socks darned 'fore nine!"

"Ha, ha, hee, hee."

"You—you shut up," cried John. Yes this was John, John Smith meeting his first temptation. "I'll fight the next one of you that pulls off any more of that stuff," roared the victim thoroughly aroused.

"An 'ed do it by gory," cut in an Irish chap, "and good fer 'em, Smithy; but come a long lad and have a little fun wi' th' boys." And strange to say Smith found himself drifting along "wi' th' boys."

It was late that night, or rather early the next morning, when John Smith tumbled into his room. He was penniless, in debt, sore and bruised in mind and body. He tossed his hat upon the dresser and heard something fall over and crash but that was of small account. John was weary, homesick and discouraged. The lad threw himself upon the stiff narrow bed, buried his head in the hard stiff linen pillows and sobbed.

Was this the great wonderful city, with nothing but crooks and greasy food, and hot stuffy rooms and unfriendly people and ear piercing noise, and dirt? Oh, how, wonderful was the country where there were signs of living God! There you could see the sky, the big blue sky, the green grass, the animals, the clear brook, and the trees—the trees in the orchard were in bloom by now, the apple trees, surely. How sweet they must smell! He drew a long breath. Yes, yes, he could smell them now very clearly. Where did that smell come from? "No apple trees around here," he moaned, "ain't seen a blamed one, not one!"

But still the apple blossoms poured forth their heavy sweet perfume and filled the close little room.

John found later that the odor came from the upset bottle of toilet water on the dresser, for on the bottle was stamped

"Essence of Apple-blossoms."

He poured the remaining contents into his hands and inhaled the perfume as a starved kitten laps milk.

"To-morra mornin'," he declared, "to-morra mornin' I'm going to smell the real things and I'm going to eat up all the fried ham and waffles that Ma's got—and I'm goin' to stay right there in the country where life's worth livin'."

# Ghosts or What

By Clarissa Hulse.

DO you believe that spirits return to earth? You don't? I didn't either until about a month ago. It is queer how one's opinions can change in such a little while. I used to laugh at people who believed in ghosts, but now—I really don't know what to think.

When I returned from South America, a short time ago, I hunted around for a quiet place where I could continue my research work. Away up in the northern part of Maine, I came across an ideal spot for my purpose, so I immediately purchased it.

The farm was out in the loneliest section I ever was in. There was no other place for miles around, and the nearest village was a day's trip away. "Just exactly the place I want," thought I, "I won't be disturbed here." The house itself was very large and at one time must have been exceedingly beautiful, although now it was rather run down. Besides a kitchen and dining room on the first floor was an immense room running the whole length of the house. I was surprised to see that, though the rest of the house was well furnished, this room had no furnishings, except two carpenter's benches, and a huge clock, which was not running, with the hands at six o'clock. As I had decided to use the second floor for my work, I felt that I did not need that one room. My bedroom was just over it and was connected with it by a register in the floor.

I lived there for about a week, undisturbed by anyone and I felt that at last I had found the ideal place for my work. With the exception of the agent who had sold the house, I had seen no one, for the road which passed the farm was seldom used.

One night I went to bed in an unusually contented frame of mind, for one of my research problems had worked out to my satisfaction and I was looking forward to a good night's rest. In the middle of the night I awoke with a start and a feeling that something was the matter. I sat up in bed, and, as I did so, the huge clock in the room below me struck twelve. As the last peal died away I heard a voice distinctly through the register.

"Well, John, we are late to-night," it said in a deep man's voice.

"Yes, but I have a wheel here I should like to finish," came the answer in a querulous tone. By this time I was wide awake, and my heart was beating like a trip-hammer. What could it be?

Then came the sound of hammering. Bang, bang, it went like someone hammering iron. I don't know how long that kept up. I was frozen with terror.

"I've finished now, Jack," the querulous voice said, "we had better go home."

The big clock struck the half hour and all was still except the beating of my heart. When I had recovered somewhat, I lit a candle and made my way carefully down the stairs and into the mysterious room. There was nothing there! Not a table had been disturbed.

"I must have been dreaming," I thought. I looked up at the clock. It was not running and the hands had stopped at half past twelve.

All through the next day I thought and thought but I could come to no conclusion, except that I had been dreaming. But how could the hands of the clock be explained.

That night I dreaded to go to bed, but finally I fell into a troubled sleep. As the night before I awoke to hear the clock chiming in the room below. Again I heard the same voices and the sound of hammering. I do not know how I lived through that night. I was a nervous wreck in the morning.

As soon as dawn came, I made ready and went to town to see the agent. I asked him about the people who had lived in the house before. As he was a talkative fellow, he told me the whole story.

"Why," he said, "about twenty years ago two brothers built that house; they were twins, although one was very strong while the other was rather sickly. They were queer old fellows. They had a craze for carpentering. The sickly one was especially fond of making wheels. They fitted up that big room as a workshop and you could hear them hammering away all hours of the night."

I gave a start, but controlled myself enough to ask, "What did you say their names were?"

"Well, it is queer, but we never knew their last names. The strong one was Jacob, though he was spoken of by his brother as Jock, and the other was called John. They both died on the same day, a year ago and (this in a lower tone) it is told around that their spirits sometimes come back to their old home. But, I don't believe that."

I never went back to the house again. I went to work in the city.

It wasn't a dream, nor the work of imagination, for how could I imagine the names of two men I had never heard of.

I don't know what it was, but I do know I will never laugh again at people who say they have seen ghosts.

# "The Poor Boob"

By Irving Gibson Idler.

AS Sanford Holmes lay watching the rushing waters of a stream in the heart of the Adirondacks, his mind turned back to the events which had been responsible for his present seclusion in the depths of the mountains. He had been a successful broker in New York, and had been popular among the better class. At a society function he had met Jean Renault, a striking beauty, whose coal black, wavy hair set off a very fair complexion. To complete the picture two dark snappy eyes shone forth which insured a mischievous disposition. Holmes had fallen in love with her and the feeling seemed to be mutual. Then suddenly all of Holmes' plans and hopes had been dashed to the ground. He had received a letter from Jean. Her parents demanded that she should not see him again and, what was more, insisted that she accept the attentions of M. Henri de Frontenac, a noted French artist. Holmes had been completely broken up by this blow to his plans of domestic happiness and had given up his city life to roam in the fastness of the mountain range. What a fool he had been to have given up so easily! If he had only been more persistent—but—it was too late now!

It was now nearly a month since Holmes had separated himself from the world. He seemed to have found much solace in the quiet evenings of the woods.

To-day he had fished the trout stream with more or less success and had seated himself upon the mossy bank to rest and view the surroundings. Still meditating, he lifted his eyes lazily and gazed down the path of the turbulant waters. What was that? Was it not the head of a person? No, it could not be! Why, there wasn't a living soul beside himself within miles of the place. Holmes strained his eyes. There *was* something out there in the water! By George, it was a *girl!* Holmes, now thoroughly awake to the situation, jumped up and sped down the river bank, keeping his eye on the figure in the water. She was in distress to be sure. How she got there, Holmes could not imagine, nor did he have time to consider, for as soon as he reached the point on the bank opposite the girl, he plunged headlong in the stream and struck out boldly for the struggling maiden. At this instant, a man in shirt-sleeves, who waved toward Holmes and bellowed through a megaphone which he had in his hand, appeared on the opposite bank. The roar of the waters evidently prevented Holmes from hearing his voice for he kept swimming onward. As he grasped the girl she struggled fiercely with him, but Holmes, surmising that she acted so, because of her condition, took a firmer hold and struck out for the opposite bank. As he drew himself from the water he noticed the third party. That individual now walked up to the spot where Holmes had landed and displayed a much disgusted expression on his face.

"You poor boob! This is a movie and you've spoiled a hundred feet of films," growled the director.

As the words slowly sank through his brain, Holmes fell back amazed. A movie! He slowly turned about to view for the first time the girl whom he had thought to be struggling in the water.

"Jean!"

"Sanford!"

Holmes seemed rooted to the ground, but after his first surprise had passed away he rushed forward and exclaimed, "Jean! Jean! What does this mean, why are you here?"

Thereupon she told him the whole story. How she could not, *would not* be bored with the attentions of M. Henri de Frontenac, a man whom she did not even like. How she had pleaded with her parents to no avail, until, finally sick at heart, she had run away. She had always been an athletic girl, therefore, she had succeeded in getting a position with a moving picture company which was working in the Adirondacks for local color.

A smile was slowly appearing on Holmes face and as she progressed with her story the smile broadened into a decided grin. He took her hands in his and looking down into her shining eyes, said softly, "I wasn't such a poor boob after all!"

"Great! Hold that for just ten seconds longer. Come, come, Bill, get that camera grinding. This will be one of the best two-reelers ever filmed by our company," chattered the enterprising director.

"And call it 'The Poor Boob,'" added Holmes, laughing.

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NEWARK, N. J., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1917.


## WELCOME.

To all grades of pupils, new and old, the Acropolis extends a hearty welcome. Those of us who are accustomed to the old school and its ways, are, we know, glad to be back among their friends and classmates. Indeed, before this article goes to press, they will be established in their rooms and going the usual rounds as if there had never been a two months' vacation. Of course, there will be the usual amount of foolish grumbling, but we are sure that down in their hearts the grumblers are just as glad to be back as the rest of us. We all had a fine vacation, with never a thought of school or home-work, but now that vacation is over, let's begin work with a will and a smile.

Those of us who have not attended Barringer High before this term—we speak of the Freshmen—are doubtless just as glad to be with us as we are to have them. For what would a school be without its Freshmen? They are good for something more than to poke fun at. It is the Freshmen who are to be found in largest numbers at the different athletic events; it is the Freshmen who fill the largest part of the honor roll; and it is the Freshmen who later become those grave and honored beings, Seniors. For if there were no Freshmen, how could there be any Seniors?

But though you may be important, Freshmen, it would never do to show that you know it. A fresh Freshman is about the worst thing in the world to have around, and nobody will feel any compunctions in letting you know it. Then there is another thing. Don't ever get discouraged. We know that the work is all new to you, that the teachers seem to be having a contest to see who can pile on the most home-work, and that every time you turn around somebody laughs at you. But that really isn't so. Your work will seem very easy to you after you get used to it, and you won't be laughed at unless you deserve it. So keep smiling, whatever you do; use your eyes; don't get scared because the place is so big; and don't get fresh.

But when we say, "Don't get fresh," we don't

mean that you are to take a back seat and be forgotten. Not by a long shot! Get busy and make friends. First among your classmates, then among the other pupils. Find out what you are best capable of doing, then do it. If it is singing, join the Glee Club. If you can write, draw, or rattle off limericks, go out for the ACROPOLIS. Nothing makes you so well-known as to belong to one of the many clubs which Barringer boasts. Do anything, but do something! Aim high! Give your best to the school and the school will give its best to you.

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We're back at dear old B. H. S. again, ready for another year of cramming wisdom into our heads. Isn't it great to see all our pals once more, browned up from the farm, Asbury, Budd Lake, Kiamesha, and all the other familiar summer haunts? But—don't you miss that seventy-five or so of our lads that have enlisted in the different branches of the Federal Service? And just remember, fellow students, that these boys are *all* volunteers.

Barringer is keeping up her name of red, white and blue spirit as well as of blue and white enthusiasm. Buck up, studes, let us do well our part here as they will do their part on distant fields. In this may we all show that Barringer knows how.

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### KNIT! KNIT!! KNIT!!!

That means you fellows, as well as the girls! It's no disgrace to your manhood, now that we're actually in war, to be seen knitting a khaki or gray sweater. There are just as many Barringer boys who have brothers and friends under the colors as there are girls. So why not do your bit in this way? We, personally, know a Barringer boy, and a popular one at that, who knit a perfectly good sweater this summer. So "let's all be Americans now" and knit for our boys!

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### INDUSTRY OR BUSY-NESS?

While reading a magazine the other day, I came across an article headed, "Are You Industrious or Merely Busy?" It looked interesting, so I read it through. The purport of the article was that too many people are so busy that they haven't time to do anything industrious; that too many people are using up their energy without being effective. Have you ever thought how true that is? Have you ever thought how that could apply to High School students as well as business men?

No one can say that a High School student is not busy all the time. But, sad to say, people can say—and HAVE said—that many High School students are not industrious or are not effective in their work. "Yes," you say, "but look at the work that is piled on us! Look at the number of hours of home study required!" Of course work is piled on you, but the pile will be fully twice as high when you get out into the business world. Of course there is home study required, but if you wish to be successful in your line of business you will have to study its in's and out's for more hours than you ever studied Latin. At this point comes another question: why study Latin? The answer is this: it takes persistence and determination to learn a hard declension or unravel a page of knotty idioms and phrases. You learn to "come back" after a bad mistake and go right on to the end. It is these same qualities which put you ahead in the outside world. The attention to details which is required by Chemistry and Physics is also an asset too valuable to be thrown away by mere puttering about."

Yes, that's just it. We all "putter about" too much. We all like to "kid" ourselves that we are doing something, when, in reality, we are only thinking of doing it, or are about to do it, or something else equally useless. But that sort of thing won't do. This is a time for efficiency. For the best results with the least effort. And the only way that we can get those results is to minimize waste effort; to use our heads. If a long French lesson is given out, don't spend fifteen minutes of the next study period in kicking about it. Buckle down to work, and get it done. If you have forgotten to write your composition, don't run around in circles wondering what to do. Sit down and write it. Don't try to look so busy, you only waste time. Don't be continually forgetting text-books. Don't forget to keep your pencil sharpened and your fountain-pen full. If we can remember these things and try to make the best of our opportunities, we shall develop into better American citizens.

# In Memoriam

## Dr. Addison B. Poland

For sixteen years City Superintendent of Newark Public Schools. A man of ideals, of vision, of wisdom; a man to whose devotion, ability and leadership, the present school system of Newark is an enduring monument.

September Fifteenth

EMMA ANTZ, *Ch.* ROSE NUSSBAUM

## HAPPY VACATIONS.

Mr. Stearns, thinking that we could not get along without him, took charge of the Barringer Summer School as he has done for several years. Then he went to Keeseville, New York, to recuperate.

Miss Dean divided her summer between the mountains of Vermont and her home.

Miss McGrath helped Mr. Stearns out at Summer School, and then went to enjoy the ocean breezes at Belmar.

Mr. Mezger spent a long happy summer at Elberon, New Jersey.

Mr. King learned some new fish stories while trying his luck on Lake Ontario.

Miss Rudd, at home, far away from bookcards, spent most of the summer knitting for the soldiers.

Mr. Milwitzky found that New Jersey is not without charms, at Swartswood Lake.

Miss Richards found that she had to go all the way to Pocono, Pa., to forget "Vergil."

Mr. Nicklas "did his bit" by working his farm at Pittstown, N. J.

Miss Hewitt after keeping order in the Summer School study halls, went to northern New Jersey to investigate farming.

Dr. Mathews spent the summer automobiling. He went to Boston, up the Maine coast to Rockland, then enjoyed a short rest at Vinal Haven, Maine. From there he went to Augusta and the White Mountains. Next he sped across Vermont to Lake Champlain, and thence through the Adirondacks and the North Woods. As it was getting late in the summer, he rushed West, South and then back to Barringer.

Mr. Hart, after endeavoring to teach poetry to prosaic seniors, went to Ocean City, where he got a good sunburn.

Miss Fray went to her old home at Friendship, New York, for part of the summer, and then took a trip to Buffalo.

Miss Darnell divided her time between northern New Jersey and the north shore of Long Island.

Miss North enjoyed every minute of her stay in the Catskills after working arduously for the good of summer school students.

Mr. Taylor fished, farmed, and took pictures at Lake Sebago, but swears that he did not have his Georgies with him!

Miss Hill enjoyed some very happy days at Belmar, but found Newark a good enough place to be in most of the summer.

Mr. Snavely, after working hard in Summer School, had a good time at Swartswood Lake (With Mr. Milwitzky.)

As usual, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Crosse enjoyed the beauties of Lake Hawthorne, N. J.

Miss Thorpe made several short trips through northern Pennsylvania, but aside from that did "nothing very exciting."

Mr. Barr enjoyed six weeks of summer school, and then went on short automobile trips, chiefly to his garden in New Providence.

Miss Dow finished a summer of travel by going to the sea shore.

Miss Coult spent part of the summer at Hamburg, Sussex County, keeping house and studying the ways of three small children. The remaining part she spent in keeping house.

Miss Pullin and Miss Belcher spent the summer roughing it at Camp Indian Lake, in the Adirondacks.

Northfield, Mass. was Miss Smith's refuge from wearying beginners of German.

Miss Field was a "cottager" at Bayhead, N. J.

Mr. Dumm was another who did his bit by farming. He went to Kittany, Pa.

The Bath Iron Works, in Bath, Maine, were of interest to Mr. Haggett this summer.

After pounding at "James and Sanford" for six weeks, Mr. Gilman retreated to his old home at Sherburne, N. Y.

Mrs. Caspari, as usual, spent the summer with relatives in Georgia.

Mr. Stone drove to Lake Winnepesaukee, Wolfeboro, N. H., where he enjoyed the beauty of old New England for the rest of the summer.

Miss Grork spent her summer in the quiet of Dansville, N. Y.

Miss Weiss took in the pleasures of both mountains and sea shore, for she went first to Greenwood Lake, and then to Sea Cliff, L. I.

Miss Romer worked hard on her farm at Pittstown, N. J., and amused herself by running her flivver.

Miss Robinson recuperated at her farm in Pompey, N. Y.

Mr. Losee stayed all summer on his father's farm among the foothills of the Catskills. He didn't say whether he worked or not.

Mr. Pritchard left for Camp Kennebec, North Belgrade, Maine, on the day before school closed and didn't get home until Labor Day.

Summer School had its attractions for Mr. Ellis, but afterwards he joined the gay throngs of Asbury Park.

Mr. Nester was another of the Summer School devotees, but he found a Pennsylvania farm more enjoyable by a long shot.

Miss Hardin is another worshipper of Jersey hills. She spent her summer in Sussex.

Mr. Dann thinks a farm is just the thing after six weeks of Summer School. He went to Delaware County, N. Y., where farming of all kinds, but especially with a tennis racket, is said to be good for one's health.

Miss Skidmore passed the summer quietly in her old home at Brookfield, Connecticut, at the foot of the Berkshires.

Mr. Haulenbeck had a good time at Camp Wawayanda, after enduring six strenuous weeks at Summer School.

Miss Brettle enjoyed the quiet of her home.

Miss Zangler enjoyed the beauties of both Croton on the Hudson and Nantucket.

Miss Price stayed at Indian Lake in the Adirondacks.

Miss Bishop toured to get a glimpse of odd corners after a stay at Scroon Lake.

Mrs. Vreeland spent the entire summer doing her "bit" by teaching others how to do theirs in conserving food.

Ocean City gave Mr. Gardner many delights this summer.

Mr. Stonesifer decided that the best place was home, after hammering at the South Side Summer School.

Mr. Jayson again went to Bristol, New Hampshire to fish. 'Tis said he caught some big(?) ones.

Miss Karr spent her summer at her home, but made occasional trips to Lake Hopatcong.

Miss Thomas, after a visit to Central New York, came home to wait for the beginning of her work again.

Miss Antz stayed at home to knit and farm.

Miss Rowden knitted both in Newark and Ocean Grove.

Mr. Noll, after teaching Summer School, went to a Pennsylvania farm to try out some of his scientific ideas.

Miss Patrick finding that her stay at Cape Cod, Mass., didn't give her enough of that state, finished off the summer at Centerville.

"Chief" Broadhead spent seventeen days of the summer in the 7th Regiment Armory, after which he went to Lake Chautauqua, where he taught swimming as an art to willing pupils.

Miss Stanley, faithful to Barringer, stayed here for six weeks. Then she went to Beechwood, hoping never again to see book-cards.

Following, or setting (?) the example of others, Mr. Field went autoing and fishing in the Northeast. He also went to Sea Girt to see the soldier boys.

Miss Punzelt and three Barringer girls went to Woodstock, N. Y., and from thence to Avalon and Shaftsbury, N. H.

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## DIRECTORY.

### BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL

September, 1917.

Mr. W. E. Stearns
Miss H. B. Dean
25. Mr. R. Mezger
26. Mr. W. W. King
27. Miss K. E. Rudd
31. Mr. W. Milwitsky
32. Miss M. H. Richards
33. Mr. P. Nicklas
35. Miss M. L. Hewitt
36. Dr. B. C. Mathews
37. Mr. R. H. Hart
38. Miss M. H. Frary
39. Miss G. L. Darnell
39. Miss L. M. North
41. Mr. A. V. Taylor
42. Miss N. Hill
43. Mr. H. G. Snavely
45. Mr. A. Johnson
50. Miss A. F. M. Thorp
51. Mr. M. L. Barr
53. Library Miss M. Dow
55. Miss H. M. Coult
56. Miss C. I. Pullin
57. Miss M. A. Smith
59. Miss J. A. Field
60. Mr. B. S. Haggett
61. Miss K. F. Belcher
63. Miss G. S. Grork
65. Mr. F. G. Gilman
66. Mrs. O. Caspari
67. Mr. G. W. Stone
69. Miss P. M. Weiss
75. Miss C. S. Romer
76. Mr. F. Crosse
76. Miss R. E. Robinson

(*Continued on page 27.*)

# SCHOOL NEWS

EMMA ANTZ, *Ch.*
ROSE NUSSBAUM
ESTELLE KAMM
SANFORD GREGORY

## BARRINGER DOES HER PART.

Since the declaration of war with Germany, the ranks of Barringer have been gradually thinning. Singly, in twos, or in threes, our well known and well beloved schoolmates have left the school to obey the call of duty. Many of us would like to follow our friends, but, since it is impossible, we who are left at home can at least honor and admire. Aye, we can do more, and we HAVE done it; the girls by knitting and aiding the Red Cross work, the boys by working on farms. It is Americans of such calibre, we may venture to say, that will hasten an early victory for the Allied arms.

The boys that have gone are all good, jolly and loyal, and the school seems lonesome without them.

The ACROPOLIS regrets that a complete list of "our heroes" was not obtainable during the first week of school, but it is proud to print the list that it has:

ARMY.

Willard Crofut, Arthur Schmitt, Leslie Casler, Lansing Ten Eyck, Fred DeHart, Edward Barney, Howard Maze.

NAVY.

Robert McChesney, Lloyd Cox.

So good-bye and good luck to you, boys!

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## 4A CLASS MEETING.

On a Monday in June the present 4A class met for the final meeting of the term. After a reading of the reports a motion was made and passed, to use the money, which was to have been spent in buying a sun dial for the school, in purchasing a Liberty Bond. Mr. Milwitzky then addressed the class, suggesting the formation of after-school classes for weak students, so that the class might be held together. The meeting then adjourned.

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## A CHANGE IN SCHEDULE.

Perhaps the half hour added to the school day has disappointed many, but at least it has bound the school body together more by making possible the coming and going and assembly of all at the same time. This half hour was made necessary by the passing of a State law requiring that each student receive a hundred and fifty minutes per week of physical and civics training. It also made necessary a change in schedules. The school day is now divided into seven periods, one of which is set aside for assembly purposes. This period may take place at different parts of the day, but, no matter when it occurs, the lunch period will extend from twelve to twelve-forty-five.

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## SPANISH HAS ARRIVED!

At last, Spanish has taken its place in the Barringer curriculum. Although it has long been awaited, its coming has caused little comment in the school. Perhaps this is because it is obtainable only by the under classmen, and to them it is simply a language. It is the upper classmen, however, who have noticed it. They, in selecting their future careers, often find themselves at a point where Spanish will mean advancement, a lack of it the cause of their getting into a rut, so they have either to turn to a career, less desired and of less value, unless they want to study it outside, or change their school. Surely, we, of Barringer, would prefer any other course to the last. Still, it *is* an important language. Trade with the South American republics, is constantly growing, and the demand for people to fill positions, in which a knowledge of Spanish is essential, grows with it, so, Freshmen, regard your chance to study this language as a golden opportunity. You cannot say you are studynig a dead or useless language, so do justice to it.

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## GIRLS' PATRIOTIC LEAGUE.

Wool garments knitted for the Red Cross, June 1 to September 13:

Janet Anderson, muffler.

Miss Antz, 4 pairs socks, 2 sweaters, muffler, pair wristlets.

Sophie Bergman, muffler.

Gladys Bishop, sweater.

Miss Brettle, 3 mufflers, sweater.

Helen Cooper, muffler.

Miss Dean, 2 mufflers, 2 pairs wristlets.

Winifred Ethridge, muffler.

Miss Field, 3 sweaters.
Miss Frary, 4 mufflers.
Evelyn Gardner, muffler.
Miss Hardin, 5 mufflers, sweater.
Grace Held, muffler.
Miss Hill, sweater.
Kittie and Winnie Kroto, 7 pairs wristlets, muffler, sweater.
Miss McGrath, muffler.
Mary Nichols, 2 sweaters, pair wristlets.
Miss Price, 3 pair wristlets, 2 sweaters, muffler.
Miss Pullin, sweater.
Miss Richards, 4 sweaters, helmet.
Miss Robinson, 2 mufflers, sweater.
Miss Rowden, 2 sweaters, muffler.
Miss Rudd, muffler, pair wristlets.
Katherine Sayre, sweater, pair wristlets.
Gladys Sidserf, sweater.
Irene Smith, sweater.
Miss Stanley, muffler.
Phyllis Stanley, sweater.
Charlotte Stearns, sweater.
Miss Thorp, 2 mufflers.
Teresa Walsh, sweater.

Two detatchments of girls, sewing under the direction of Miss Bishop and Miss Grork, in June, completed fifty garments to be sent to the children in the war zone of France.

All the girls of the school who are ready to help in some form of patriotic work, and are not already enrolled in the Barringer Division of the Girls' Patriotic League, are urged to give their names to Miss Price or Miss Rowden. Not only sewing and knitting, but other types of work will be taken up this winter. Come in and help, for your help is needed.

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## FRENCH CIRCLE.

The last meeting of the French Circle was one of importance for Barringer. Prof. Louis A. L'Oiseu, of Columbia and Barnard Colleges, spoke about "Everyday Paris," and showed pictures, which he himself had taken, of unusual corners and interesting scenes in Paris.

The members of the French Circles of South Side, East Side, East Orange, Montclair and Glen Ridge High Schools were invited to attend this meeting. Many members of the Alliançe Française came also.

The arrangements for the lecture were made by the Alliançe Française in appreciation of Barringer's activities during the past year. Ours is the only high school represented in that society, and we have over eighty students who are members!

This meeting closed a busy and successful year. Members of the French Department have contributed enough money to feed and clothe a child for two years, so the French Circle has adopted a little French war orphan and in this way it is doing its "bit."

## B. B. B. MEETING.

Forty members of the 3B class attended a meeting in June. The chairman of the committee for class colors submitted a report. The Sociable Committee reported that the Harola would be used at the sociable.

At a later meeting, arrangements for the sociable were completed, and a few days later it was held. The faculty was invited. Dancing was a feature of the afternoon, and refreshments were served in the lunch room. The affair was voted a success by all who attended.

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## HONORS FOR FRENCH.

The Alliançe Française presented two medals last June to the Barringer graduates who wrote the best essays in a contest conducted by the Alliançe. The medals had an especial value in that they were made in Paris. The first one was awarded to Miss Lillian Stainsby Pomeroy, who had submitted an essay on *"Ce que la France a fait pour l'Amérique,"* and the second to Miss Edith McEwan, whose essay was entitled, *"La France et L'Amerique."* The prizes were presented at the closing exercises on June 29th, by Mr. Henry Young, Jr., president of the Newark Alliançe. The secretary of the organization, Mlle. J. Bertha Day, and the treasurer, Mrs. Archibald Mercer, attended the exercises.

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## PRIZES FOR GERMAN.

Last June, the German-American Central Verein offered three medals to the graduates of the Newark High Schools who had attained the highest averages in the study of the German language. The records showed that the following students had gained the honors:

Gwendolyn Johnston, East Side, 95 per cent.
Samuel Waldman, South Side, 86.3 per cent.
Saul J. Zucker, Barringer, 85 per cent.

The first medal was of gold, the second of silver, and the third of bronze. Mr. Stearns presented the bronze medal to Saul Zucker with high words of appreciation and commendation.

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## PHI BETA KAPPA.

Harold Hemstreet, Jr., a graduate of Barringer, has been admitted to the Phi Beta Kappa at Williams College, and Rogers Bruce Johnson, also a former Barringer boy, to the same fraternity at Harvard.

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## HONOR ROLL FOR JUNE.

4A Room 55. Eda Guerrieri, Margaret Jacoby, Edith McEwen, Marie Poland, Lillian Pomeroy, Edith Potaker, Irving Ams, Harris Mendelson, Saul Zucker.
Room 81. Miriam Fischel, Lillian Handler, Marion Hough, Anna Laning, Mildred Short.

4B Room 31. Ethel Gansler, Edna Walls, Virgil Pennington.
Room 51. Emma Antz, Fred Green, Louis Kanengieser, Charles Smith, Walter Weinberg, Phillip Grossblatt.

3A Room 26. Mildred Hammell, Marguerite Schlueter, Richard Bauchelle.
Room 32. Anna Douthert, Dorothy Gorham, Dorothy VanNess.
Room 56. Etta Bender. Richard Linehan.
Room 61. Mary Fisher, Evelyn Gardner, Marion Smith.

3B Room 25. Mildred Cozzone, Mildred Goodman, Edith Miller, Murray J. Duguid.
Room 41. Westley Alheit, Edmund Cox, William Gleim.
Room 43. Paul Gleim.
Room 50. Rose Fried.
Room 66. Elsie Steinmetz, Mabel Yelton, Paul Kuebler, David Wollman.

2A Room 37. Elizabeth Berry, Anna Kabis, Anna Trolan, Charles Amsterdam.
Room 45. William Fleishfarb.
Room 67. Ruth Kilpatrick, Ethel Teitelbaum, Garrett Stearly, Louis Zuckerman.
Room 69. Elizabeth Balland, Anita Ure.
Room 76. Estelle Kamm.

2B Room 33. Samuel Friedlander.
Room 57. Clarence McKim, Sidney Ramo.
Room 59. Frances Gardinier, Dorothy McEntee, Marguerite Rusby.
Room 60. Emily Wahl, Dorothy Work.
Room 75. Mildred Schlueter.

1A Room 82. Lucille Jessurun, Sherman Corwin, Ralph Dawson.
Room 85. Katherine Wicks, Louis Huckman, Phillip Nohemie.
Room 86. Alice Dodge, Lena Olshan, Matilda Strasburger.
Room 87. Helen Sickel, Morris Weckstein.
Room 91. Bernice Cooper, Anna DeHart, Louise Durand, Margaret Mashek, Mary Meeker, Walter Scott, Walter Schroeder.
Room 92. Isabelle Cary, Olga Langenecker, Gertrude Meister.

1B Room 83. Ethel Carter, Emily Eckel, Harry Haussling, Russell Zabriskie.
Room 85. Mary Rudnitzky.
Room 86. Fanny Bodnar, Irving Bortnicker, Samuel Ehrenkranz.
Room 87. Florence Taylor.
Room 91. Florence Meyerson.
Room 92. Helen Alcott, Arline Allsopp, Valentine Bjorkman, Aurela Lawshe, Doris Lindsay, Irma Lutz, Charlotte Stearns, Dorothy Stone, Elizabeth Wehner.

**TESTIMONIALS.**

4A Room 55. Edith McEwen, Edith Potaker, Milton Finkelstein, Saul Zucker.
Room 81. Miriam Fischel, Dorothy Gutzat, Lillian Handler, Anna Laning.

4B Room 31. Ethel Gansler, Edna Walls, Virgil Pennington.
Room 51. Emma Antz, Fred Green, Louis Kanengieser, Frank Leibe, Walter Weinberg.

3A Room 26. Marguerite Schlueter, Richard Banchelle.
Room 32. Dorothy Van Ness.
Room 61. Mary Fisher, Evelyn Gardner.
Room 63. Morris Berg.

3B Room 25. Mildred Cozzone, Mildred Goodman, Edith Miller, Murray J. Duguid.
Room 41. Wesley Alheit, Edmund Cox, William Gleim.
Room 43. Marion See.
Room 50. Rose Fried, Marion Smith, Teresa Walsh, Walter Baker.
Room 66. Elsie Steinmetz, Mabel Yelton, Paul Kuebler, David Wollman.

2A Room 37. Anna Kabis, Anna Trolan, Charles Amsterdam.
Room 42. Israel Pogash.
Room 45. Clarissa Hulse, William Fleishfarb.
Room 67. Ruth Kilpatrick, Garrett Stearly.
Room 69. Elizabeth Bolland.
Room 76. Estelle Kamm.

2B Room 33. Samuel Friedlander.
Room 57. Sidney Ramo.
Room 60. Emily Wahl, Dorothy Work.
Room 75. Clara Mueller, Mildred Schlueter.

1A Room 82. Lucille Jesserun, Sherman Corwin.
Room 85. Janet Anderson, Louis Huckman.
Room 86. Alice Dodge, Lena Olshan, Matilda Strasburger.
Room 87. Helen Sichel, Sam Natharius, Morris Weckstein.
Room 91. Anna De Hart, Louise Durand, Margaret Mashek, Mary Meeker, Melvin Jackley, Walter Scott, Walter Schroeder, Lloyd Welter.
Room 92. Isabelle Cary, Olga Langenecker, Gertrude Meister.

1B Room 83. Ethel Carter, Emily Eckel, Harry Haussling
Room 85. Mary Rudoritzky.
Room 86. Fanny Bodnar, Irving Bortnicker, Samuel Ehrenkranz.
Room 87. Florence Taylor.
Room 91. Florence Meyerson, Florence Schubarth.
Room 92. Helen Alcott, Arline Allsopp, Doris Lindsay, Charlotte Stearns, Dorothy Stone, Louise Urquhart, Elizabeth Wehner.

**NEITHER ABSENT NOR TARDY FOR THE YEAR!**

4A Room 55. John Eggenberger.
Room 81. Nicholas Cetrulo.

4B Room 31. Yardley Chittick, Muller De Van, Virgil Pennington.
Room 51. Emma Antz, Frank Leibe, Robert Mapletoft.

3A Room 26. Alfred Marinaro, Joseph Wong.
Room 32. Elline Moffat, Gertrude Murray.
Room 56. Louis Micone, Gerard Riccardi.
Room 61. Grace Botelli, Mary Fisher, Evelyn Gardner, Mary Glover, May Knust, Helen Tantum, Edith Van Houten, Fred Glaser, Russell Rabone. (I'm proud of this list for a Junior Class!—K. F. B.)
Room 63. Morris Berg.

3B Room 25. Irma Bennette, Ralph E. Marlatt.
Room 43. Carl Granger, Charles Lindner, Harold Turner.
Room 50. Bessie Johnston, Juliette Mackin, Eunice Phillips, Teresa Walsh, Elmer Limpert, Charles Miller.
Room 66. Ruth Allten, Dorothy Prell, Marion Walker.

2A Room 37. Anna Kabis, Arthur Raymond.
Room 42. Leland Howell, Harold Toland.
Room 45. Marion Alberts, Gertrude Glaser, Charles Barkhorn, Nicholas DeMaio.
Room 69. Elizabeth Knaack.

2B Room 33. Henry Coffin, Oswald Roth.
Room 35. Paul Bradner, Angelo Guarino, Edward Misuriello.
Room 57. Stanley Nowelsky.
Room 59. Rachael Marzulli.
Room 60. Isabel Huff, Edith Johnston, Dorothy Whitesill, Dorothy Work, Milton Condit.
Room 75. Kitty Kroto, Winnie Kroto, Clara Muller, Mildred Schlueter.

1A Room 82. Florence Brown, Sherman Corwin, Joseph Dallenegra, Ralph Dawson, Thomas Laughlin.
Room 83. Ruth Wilson.
Room 85. Sara Fillips, Mary Walsh, Louis Huckman.
Room 86. Matilda Strassburger, Margaret Streuning, Olga Wintsch.
Room 87. Raymond Erickson.
Room 91. Anna DeHart, Louise Durand, Walter Schroeder, Norman VanEmburg, Lloyd Wetter.
Room 92. Isabelle Cary, Anna Healey, Lillian Etling, Teresa Jackes, Gertrude Meister, Charles Holland, Charles Weier.

1B Room 85. Edna Maier.
Room 86. Anna Johnston, Wilberforce Jacobus, Charles Ullrich.
Room 91. Mary Manco.
Room 93. Minna Kahn, Kenneth Hill.
Room 95. Philip Fannan, Lawrence Gianetlino, Bernard Kane.

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# Personals

NORMAN H. BERRY, *Ch.*
HELEN KUSSY
VIRGIL PENNINGTON
MARION SMITH
KENNETH CARRINGTON
CHARLES KELLNER

**A LA MINSTRELE.**

Jim Johnson—What are you doing for a living?

Bill J.—Why, I'm a pilot in a soap factory.

Jim—Pilot?

Bill—Yes, another fellow wraps the soap and I pilot!

---

From all appearances one of the editors appreciated the Government's R. F. D. service this summer—(name on request).

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Idler—I'm writing a story "The Sands of the Sahara."

Boyce—Gee, I'll bet it's dusty and dry.

---

Mr. Milwitsky (speaking of diphthongs)—You (n) and I (i) make we (ui).

---

1A—What part of Geology do you find hardest?

1B—Rocks.

---

Gregory—Say, I just swallowed a nickel. Do you see any change in me?

---

**IN 45.**

Palmer—How far were you from the right answer?

Flanders (ruefully)—Two seats.

Teacher (explaining)—A sculptor makes faces and busts.

Sympathetic Voice—What a horrible death.

---

"Isn't there a cheap look about that fellow?"

"Sure. He's got his nose for a (s)cent."

---

Terhune—I hear the Germans intend to put Joffre's picture on their postage stamps.

Noble—Why is that?

Terhune—So they can lick him.

---

1B—Have you heard the story about the empty box?

1A—No.

1B—There's nothing in it.

---

Teacher—What is a civil war?

De Van—A French duel.

---

A farmer's opinion of our paper—A-crop-o'-li(e)s.

---

He—I belong to the old school.

She—Oh, I dismissed that class long ago.

---

Mr. Dumm—What happens to gold when it is exposed to air?

Kellner—It's stolen.

1B—What do all the letters after Dr. Mathews' name stand for?

4B—Oh, they show he got there by degrees.

---

Idler—Your hair's all tossed.

Carrington—I can't help it. I parted with my comb.

---

Teacher—Will some one give me a sentence containing the term weather beaten?

Willie—I root for Barringer whether beaten or not.

---

Flanders (translating)—*Le prenant à part*—"Taking him apart."

---

W. Pennington—Did you ever take ether?

Pike—No, who teaches it?

---

Teacher—This compound is Ethyl Alcohol.

Flanders—Sure, I know her well.

---

Coach (to Berg)—Why don't you try out for quarter-back, or half-back, or full-back?

Crooks—Oh, he'd only be a drawback.

---

### IN PHYSICS.

Miller—Aren't there places where there is nothing?

Prof.—Just what have you in mind?

Miller—Space.

---

Instructor—Why does the earth move?

K. Taylor—Because it doesn't care to pay rent.

---

### IN THE LUNCH ROOM.

Senior—Do you like codfish balls?

Freshie—I don't think I've ever attended one.

---

"Can you knit?"

"Knit?"

"Knit."

"(K)nit."

---

In 45, after working out a hard Algebra example on the board for half an hour, answer turns out zero.

Kosches—All that work for nothing.

---

Stude (explaining)—I'm slow and sure.

Prof.—Yes, slow to learn and sure to forget.

---

Flanders—I know what will turn litmus paper yellow.

Mr. Dumm—What?

Bill—Paint!

---

Walton—What's the shortest distance between two points?

Ecker—One term.

---

1st Stude—What's the formula for a Latin recitation?

2nd Stude—Guessit, fecit, misit.

---

Shalit—I always keep my word.

Pennington—Good reason why, nobody will take it.

---

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Fifty-seven Varieties.....Flander's ties.
What makes it go?.....The school clock.
No metal can touch you.....Pacifist.
Sun-kist .....Kilgus's hair.
Eventually, why not now?.....Exams.

---

1B—I got a zero on my card, that's not square.

---

In Chem—We will take gas for to-morrow.

Much laughter.

Mr. Dumm—Oh, well, that subject is usually made light of.

---

Are cousins to the same cousins, cousins to each other?

---

In Physics Lab.—What do you do when you're done?

Answer—Don't.

---

Idler—What trade could I follow to cut a figure in the world?

Mr. M.—Sculptor!

---

Celina Rowe—Can you tell me of what nationality Napoleon was?

Mr. M.—Why of course I can (Corsican).

---

At the class meeting—Why is the treasurer like a cannon?

Why?

Because he makes a report.

---

"Wack must be a lazy fellow."

"Why?"

"Because he's so long in bed."

---

1st Stude—Your handwriting reminds me of a dead pig.

2nd Stude—How's that?

1st Stude—It's done with the pen.

---

She—That man hasn't taken his eyes off me for an hour.

He—How do you know?

---

War may come and war may go,
But school goes on forever;
For though the Kaiser is not slow
These bonds he cannot sever.

---

Prof.—Who came in before Kosches?

Voice from Rear—*Pre*cocious!

Notice—The farm agreed with Delaney—he studies his German now.

---

THE ACROPOLIS respectfully inquires if Weinstein has had elocution lessons?

---

Mr. Barr (to new student)—Please spell your name again?

Student—It's spelt *right* there.

---

**A COMPLIMENT.**

Edward Sauer
Is not sauer.
He's as sweet
As a sugar beet.

---

Bright One—Do you know an immediate result of the war?

Stupid—No.

Bright One—The girls are knitting sweaters.

Stupid (awakening)—And they're wearing them.

---

Miss Belcher—What was Cromwell's policy?

Brilliant—Cromwell's policy was peace. He went to war with the *Dutch*.

---

Teacher—I'm going to borrow some of your paper permanently.

Mr. Ellis—Somebody has been doing it right along.

---

Teacher—How does the fact that water expands between 4°C. and 0°C. benefit fish life?

Clever One—I don't know—I'm not a fish.

---

**IT CAN'T BE DONE.**

Student in English (dreamily)—While he was walking through the streets er—of the *Sahara* Desert.

---

Mr. Losee—Manners were notable by their absence.

---

Teacher (to girls' class in Physics)—You girls let these definitions go in your eye and out your ear.

---

We wonder who killed the Dead Sea?

---

Miss North—What is a satire?
Elsasser—A precious stone!

---

**IN GERMAN TRANSLATION.**
**SOME EYES!**

A—So his eyes fell down on her hand.
B—And Elizabeth saw his eyes on her hand.

---

Science Teacher—What are the other ingredient of macaroni, besides starch?

Bright 1B—Tomato sauce.

**PUZZLE.**

Is "ire" a synonym of Erie?

---

Prof.—What would you do if you saw a six-footed leaf in the water you were drinking?

Bright Stude—Stop drinking.

---

**IN ENGLISH.**

Prof.—How many have seen "Every Woman?"

Berry—I've seen a good many, but I don't think I've seen them all.

---

Mr. Jason—What can be used in place of coal?

Carrington—Warm weather.

---

Foster—What is a flirtation?

Spinning—A spoon with nothing on it.

---

Prof.—Tell me something about Sappho.

Zemel—Well, he—

Prof.—He is she.

---

Smart 1B—Hey, if you graft an apple tree on a pine tree, should you get pineapples?

---

We always laugh at teacher's jokes
No matter how bad they be;
Not because they're funny jokes,
But it's good "Diplomacy."

---

What do you call those fellows that run autos?

Oh, that depends on how near they come to hitting me.

---

Miss Smith—What tense is this verb in?

Bluffer—Imperfect.

Miss S.—Very imperfect indeed; we will consult about it after school.

---

Herr Nicklas—Give me the first verse of the Lorelei.

Pupil—*Ich weiss nicht?—I weiss nicht?? Ich weiss nicht???*

Herr N.—Yes, yes, we all agree with you, go on.

---

Hostess to Bellah (who is making a call)—Do you like sweet things?

J. W. B. (dreaming)—It depends on who they are.

---

Rolling Stones..... The Bluffers
Fair and Warmer,
When Willie comes home with his card
The Knife..... Exams.
Turn to the Right.....Corridor Rules
The Spy ...The teacher with rubber-soled shoes
The Very Idea.....Detention

### A POPULAR SONG.
**(At the end of vacation.)**

September days are drawing nigh,
And back to Barringer I must hie,
No more I'll hear the ocean's roar,
But over lessons I shall pore,
Farewell, old ocean, shining blue,
All winter long I'll think of you!

---

Miss Meeker—Don't worry for the past, *remember* the *future*.

---

No wonder Barringerites liked farming last summer. We had two "Fields" right in our own school.

---

Schroeder (translating in Latin)—*Coegerunt legatum ipsum fugere.* They compelled the ambassador to *flee* himself.

---

Teacher in German—Why is the noun *"Die Spinnerin,"* weak?
Would-be Professor—Because it is feminine.

---

Student (mournfully to Teacher)—This is the first six I have ever had.
Teacher (brightly)—Well, you have to begin some time.

---

1B—What is the highest room in Barringer?
Clever Soph.—Miss *Hill's* room.

---

**U** all love her.
**N**o one deserts her.
**I**s she to conquer?
**T**he nations respect her.
**E**arth's treasures crown her.
**D**evotion guards her.
**S**tand ever by her.
**T**housands fight for her.
**A**ll are free in her.
**T**ractors ne'er frequent her.
**E**nemies fear her.
**S**hall *we* not serve her?

---

There is an old man known as war,
Nobody seems to know what he's for,
But now that he's here,
We'll fix him, no fear,
And squelch him for ever more.

---

A thing which is known as a Ford,
Should only be bought by a lord,
For when one gets in this thing made of tin,
He finds that repairs cost a hoard.

---

### A CATASTROPHE!

"My hat," I cried, "my hat! Take care!
Your sitting on my hat! Beware!"
The youth turned with an awful grin;
You said your hat—you forgot the pin!

—*Ex.*

Stude (reciting in German)—*Das Esel* (the donkey).
Mr. Nicklas—Don't you know that donkeys are always masculine gender?

---

Prof. Milwitzky (coaching "Far-away Princess")—Now, Miss Jacoby, run across the floor like a frightened mouse, and then, Wack, you catch her.
Voice—Be realistic, Wack, look like a mouse trap.

---

### SECOND SIGHT.

Green (in Chem.)—The water in the bottle was quickly displaced and in its place an invisible gas was to be seen.

---

### AT THE EXCHANGE EXAM.

Pennington modestly answered that this department might be improved by putting him on the Board.

---

### AT NOON HOUR.

Miss Denton—Do you want this sandwich?
Miss McCarren—What kind is it, the "Ham what Am?"
Miss Denton—No, the "Chicken that Was."

---

### IN BOTANY.

Prof.—Name a flower that has three petals.
Sunny—A piano.

---

There was a boy who hadn't a *sou*
But he loved *puellas deux*
To die he tried
For he couldn't decide
Which one *amabat mieux.*

---

Pennington has spilt the ink bottle and is mopping up the flood with his handkerchief, when Betsy McArthur spies him. Thereupon she exclaims, "Why, Virgil, don't spoil a perfectly good handkerchief that way! Use your head, use your head!!

---

### IN 31.

Mr. M.—What is a myriad?
Miss B.—A myriad is something you see but isn't there.

---

The Climax .....The 4A Term
The Headless Horseman,
The User of a Pony
The Congress.....Our Football Team
The Slacker....Our school clock, it never goes
The Struggle.....Pupil *versus* Latin
Experience .....The new 4A

# The Faculty Vacation

Miss Stanley
AT BEECHWOOD N.J.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF MISS PUNZELT HAD STAYED ANY LONGER AT CAMP!!

LIFE ON A FARM FOR HERR NICKLAS

MR. ELLIS WAS THE INNOCENT CAUSE OF SEVERAL HIGH TIDES AT ASBURY

MR BARK LED THE ATTACK IN ROOM 51 IN SUMMER SCHOOL

HONORARY MEMBER OF CLASS WHO IS GIVEN FRONT SEAT FOR "GOOD" BEHAVIOR

Idler—Why is your nose in the middle of your face?
S. Gregory—I don't know, why?
Idler—Because it's the (s)center.

---

Mr. Nicklas—Do you see everything that goes on out in the hall?
Zemel—Yes, sir.

---

MacC.—What are you going to study in college?
Gregory—Dentistry, I guess.
M.—Well, then why are you taking so much Algebra?
G.—Stupid, don't you have to know a lot about roots?

---

1B—Why do they make so many inscriptions on tombstones, in Latin?
1A—Oh, because that's a dead language!

---

Burke Boyce is editor now,
Great furrows crease his brow
He hurries by
No one knows why
But still he's on his way.

Irv Idler, our ex-ed-in-chief
Had once that frightful frown
But now his face is wreathed in smiles
Which no one can put down.

---

Pickwick to Carrington—Going to try for football?
Carrington—Sure.
Pick.—Well, your mother will look good in black.

Mr. Dumm—Brown, give definition of meter.
Joe—Something to measure gas by.

---

### 1B ENGLISH.

If you're alive put up white sails; if you're dead, put up black ones.

---

Miss Darnell—Where was Mendelssohn born?
I. Harper—In Hamburg, Pa.

---

### CAN YOU PICTURE THIS?

Angelina Caprio making a sweater.

---

After trying half an hour to light a bulb, Kellet lets Blacksmith try. Blacksmith gets a fair light.
Keller—Well, now what do you think of that?
Dick—Did you ever see a Blacksmith who couldn't make sparks fly.

---

### HEARD IN THE CORRIDOR.

1st Boy—Hey, don't you miss Kaiser?
2nd Boy—Sure, but Kanengieser takes his place.

---

Lippman—I can argue against that!
Teacher—Yes, I know you could argue against anything.

---

Higby was a farmer during the summer—but he earned money.

---

### EXTRAVAGANCE.

Dr. Mathews—Every time I rub my coat sleeve on the desk I consume wealth.

JOHN FOSTER, *Ch.*

JOHN JENNINGS
LOUIS KUHNLE

DOROTHY DUNCAN
JOSEPHINE FLORENCE

## A LITTLE BIT OF FOOTBALL.

When the whistle starts off the Newton-Barringer game, it will probably start with a backfield for Barringer consisting of Capt. Dempsey, "Tony" Juliano, Lew Ritchie and George Poole, all of whom are veterans of two seasons. However, our line is not quite as well off, but from the seventy odd candidates who have been out up to the present, there will be no difficulty in securing a snappy bunch of linemen. And with "Jing" Noble as the pivot man the sides of the line ought to be an easy proposition to our coaching staff.

All of the backfield, as we have said before, are veterans, but there are several of last year's substitutes who are pushing the veterans hard. The most promising of these candidates is young "Mick" Hummel.

Kulnehe will be booked to fill up the gap left when Douthert graduated. At the present time the ends are the only points along the line that are causing trouble. But there is no doubt that they will be taken care of before the season opens.

Among the veterans of last year who have reported are Capt. Dempsey, Juliano, Ritchie, Hummel, Poole, Gregory, Noble, Kulnehe, Urmy, Addionizio, Becker, Foster, Mutchler and Minster.

Charley Frazier is the most promising of the new material at present. He will undoubtedly fill a place on the first team before the end of the season. Another promising recruit is Corougelilo.

---

## ADDITION IS MADE TO COACHING STAFF.

Our very efficient coaching staff has been further improved by the addition of Mr. H. G. Snavely as a coach of the line. Mr. Snavely, who played varsity football at Bucknell for three years, promises to be a great help to the team.

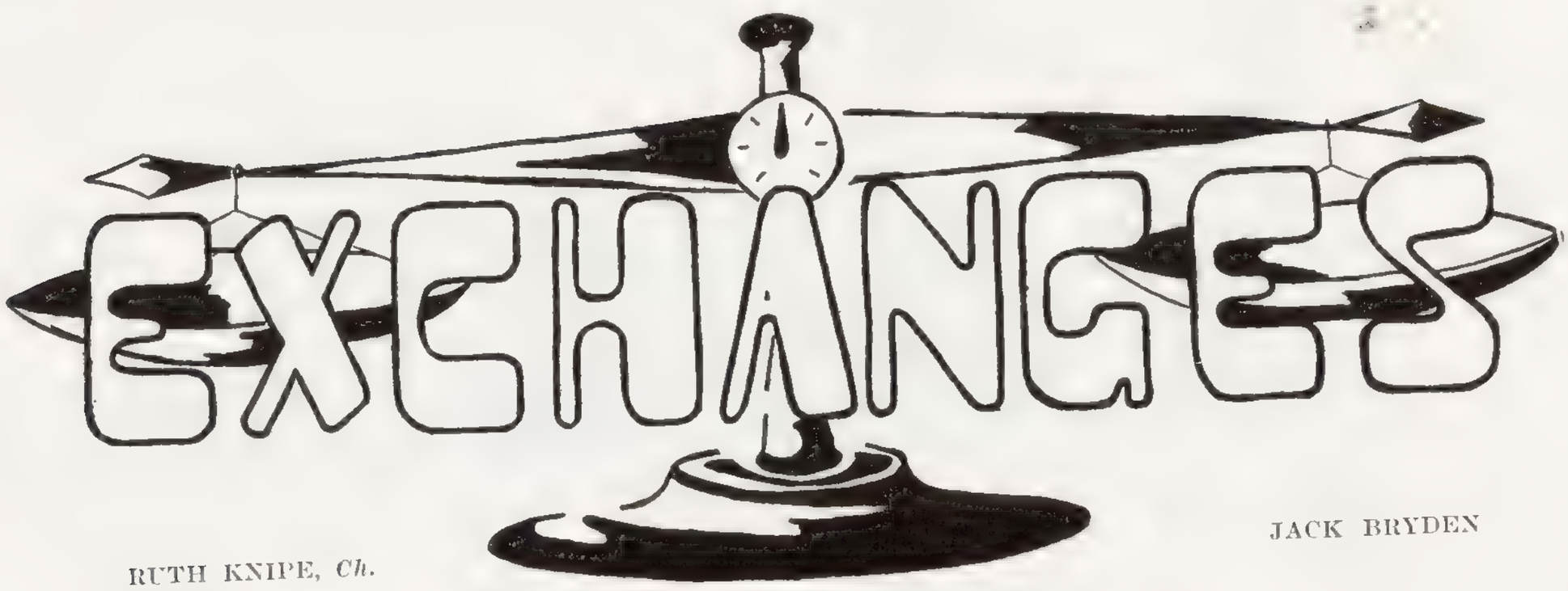
---

## CROSS COUNTRY TEAM.

From a glance over the bunch that reported for cross country when the call was sounded, it would seem that Barringer is going to have a good team this year. There were twenty-one candidates reported, and more have reported since the call for the first practice. There are eight fellows back who have been point getters for Barringer in the past two seasons. Among these are Condit, Wostroff, Percy Miller, Jerry Melito, Banks, Jacobus, T. Schneider, Gibbons Bozza and Shackelford. However, even with all these old men back, we want to urge the new men to work hard, as a number of the meets are home meets, and more than eight men are always entered. In this way a lot of experience can be gained. There is lots of work ahead of the team for a hard schedule has been made out. This season, as in former seasons, Barringer will meet the pick of the cross country teams in this section of the country.

## THE SCHEDULE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sept. 29. | De Witt Clinton (pending). |
| Oct. 6. | Quadrangular Meet. |
| Oct. 13. | Morris High (at home). |
| Oct. 20. | High School of Commerce (pending). |
| Oct. 27. | Flushing High. |
| Nov. 3. | Dickinson High (pending). |
| Nov. 10. | Columbia Meet. |
| Nov. 17. | City Meet (Championship). |
| Nov. 24. | N. J. I. A. A. Meet. |




RUTH KNIPE, *Ch.*

JACK BRYDEN

ALBERT BIEDERMAN

## EXCHANGES.

The ACROPOLIS acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges:

*Alleynian, Boys' Lantern, Brown Daily Herald, Comet, Counter Currents, Columbia Alumni News, College News, The Echo, High School Herald, High School Chronicle, Hilltop, Howard Times, Maryland School News, Old Penn, Omnibus, Orient, Optimist, Polytechnic, Reading Echo, Signal Shuttle, The Academy, Tuskegee Student, Yale Alumni Weekly, Review, Wesleyan Argus.*

---

**THE SHUTTLE, H. S. OF PRACTICAL ARTS, BOSTON, MASS.**

Your Senior number is certainly full of "pep." All of your departments are very good. We think, however, that your literature and jokes are the best. Why not put literature before editorials? Come again, *Shuttle!*

---

**THE ECHO, GOUVERNEUR, N. Y.**

Your Commencement number has a neat little cover. Editorials and Alumni Notes are very well written. However, we find lacking two very important departments, Literature and Athletics.

---

**THE ORIENT, EAST SIDE H. S., NEWARK, N. J.**

*The Orient,* East Side High School, City, is one of the best exchanges received. Your cover design is very artistic. "Peggy" is interestingly written. Your editorial has a decided "punch." We were, also, amused by your burlesque on Exchanges. Congratulations on your Senior number and come again, *Orient.*

---

**THE SIGNAL, STATE SCHOOLS, TRENTON, N. J.**

You have a newsy paper, which shows good work on the part of your Board of Editors. You need another story or two and some new heading cuts. Otherwise you have a fine paper. Come again.

---

**HIGH SCHOOL CHRONICLE, D. H. S., DANBURY, CONN.**

The cover design of your Commencement number is good but your paper can be improved. Don't you think it wrong to continue your "Exchange" Department from page 30 to page 18? Your cuts can be improved and your Editorials should be placed after Literature. Exchange jokes should be placed in the Personals Column. "Sir Roger at the Movies" is amusing and novel.

---

**THE ARTISAN, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.**

"Good things come in small packages." Here is one of them. Although having only sixteen pages, your paper is one of the breeziest and best composed we have received. Where is your table of contents and acknowledgment of Exchanges? Come again.

---

**THE VINCENTIAN, ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY, NEWARK, N. J.**

The cover of your June number is very neat. Why don't you have more stories? It would be better to put all your ads in the back. Your exchange department is very helpful.

**THE REVIEW, WASHINGTON, D. C.**

A few more stories would improve your paper greatly. Where are your Alumni Notes and your Exchanges? Your art and jokes are the best part of your paper.

---

**THE HOLMAN MAGAZINE.**

You have a paper to be complimented. A separate "Joke Department," and a few cartoons would not be out of place.

---

**LASELL LEAVES.**

*Lasell Leaves* is a paper one likes to receive—very neat and interesting.

---

### DIRECTORY.

(*Continued from page* 14.)

77. Mr. W. J. Dumm
81. Mr. F. I. Losee
81. Mr. I. K. Ellis
82. Mr. H. Pritchard
83. Mr. D. H. Nester
85. Miss E. Hardin
86. Mr. H. M. Dann
87. Miss T. Skidmore
91. Mr. R. F. Haulenbeck
92. Miss R. S. Brettle
93. Miss E. C. Zangler
95. Miss M. H. Price
1. Miss V. G. Bishop
2. Mrs. A. A. Vreeland
3. Mr. W. B. Gardner
18. Mr. C. F. Stonesifer
90. Mr. A. R. Jayson
94. Miss L. E. Karr
96. Miss F. M. Thomas
97. Miss N. Antz
98. Miss P. J. Rowden
99. Mr. W. L. Noll

Gym. Miss A. L. Patrick
" Miss H. J. Punzelt
" Mr. W. G. Broadhead
" Mr. L. H. Field
Miss L. Stanley
Miss R. McGrath

Mr. John Dana, Chem. Lab.
Miss Helen Clarke, Physics Lab.

---

### THE TRIUMPH OF WILLIAM SUPERBUS.

(*Continued from page* 5.)

ice rendered to us this day and I hereby move that we pass a vote of thanks to you for said service—all in favor say "aye." Good! Contrary "No." No contrary minds, "Very well, the 'ayes' have it. Shake, Bill, old scout."

And William Superbus heard and seemed to smile.

### THE COWARD.

(*Continued from page* 6.)

He staggered up and on, on toward his goal, regardless of the shots fired after him.

Bang! Bang!

He reeled and fell just as he reached his trench. Jack caught him tenderly in his arms. The officer took his hand.

"Only—a few—Germans. Trenches—bad condition."

"Jack—old chum," he gasped, turning to his chum, "tell—them—I—died—a man!" then he breathed no more.

A deep hush pervaded the trench. All eyes were moist. They realized, if he did not, that he was not only a man—he was a hero.

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